"A 18m

I am so sick of trying to be the self-sacrificing good boy so that I might be liked by THEM. Trying to be the good litt le boy so that I will get some attention is pointless. THEY are not interested, me, and never will be. And for that matter they never have been.

To so blatantly favour one of her children is morally reprehens she has no right to make up her own rules for motherhood.

eaking of Mahler, a fatish elderly lady who minced on her tiptoes as she ittered from the stage, as if following her hand, delivered quite a thrilling riformance of Lieder elnes fahrenden Gesellen last night at the Academy of usic. Muti conducted. Maureen Forrester was the singer.

e program says:

The cycle was born of Mahler's ill-starred love for one of the singers in Kassel, Johanne Richter. "I have written," he said, "a song-cycle dedicated to her. She does not know the songs. But they can tell her only what she already knows. Their burden is this: a man that has found only sadness in love goes forth into the world a wanderer. Mahler wrote the folk-style texts himself.

Josef Canteloube (1879 - 1957), has stolen my heart.
Songs of the Auvergne, Series One: these you heard when you were here just before the Griswold Reunion.
Series Two: I heard and made a tape of these (and the Series One songs) two days ago.
Yesterday I must have played the both series (37 minutes for both) about 10 times.
All day long I rewound and played the tape over and over and over.
Today I am doing the same thing.
Kire te Kanawa is the singer; English Chamber Orchestra / Tate. is the rest.

is 7:22 PM. You surely must be well underway in the dinner by now. w nice to have a social evening in town on a Friday night.

nust try to feel less downtrodden. I have lost my lightness, my ability to inscend anything. I will not give up, but to do so would be so easy. I ght even have lost faith in myself. My psyche needs to scream a primal ream. Perhaps I will walk into the kitchen and do it. What a difficult thing explain to a neighbor.

Perhaps If I can get over my own dlff forgiving those who 'yesterday' I d



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